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HELL'S CANYON



By
N.
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ILLUSTRATED
By
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S.
PHILLIPS



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HELL'S CANYON

HELL'S GANYON

A POEM OF THE CAMPS
BY
N. K. GRIGGS.

ILLUSTRATED
BY W. S. Phillips.

CHICAGO:
THE SCHULTE PUBLISHING CO.
323-325 Dearborn St.

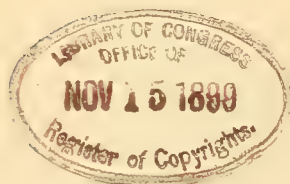


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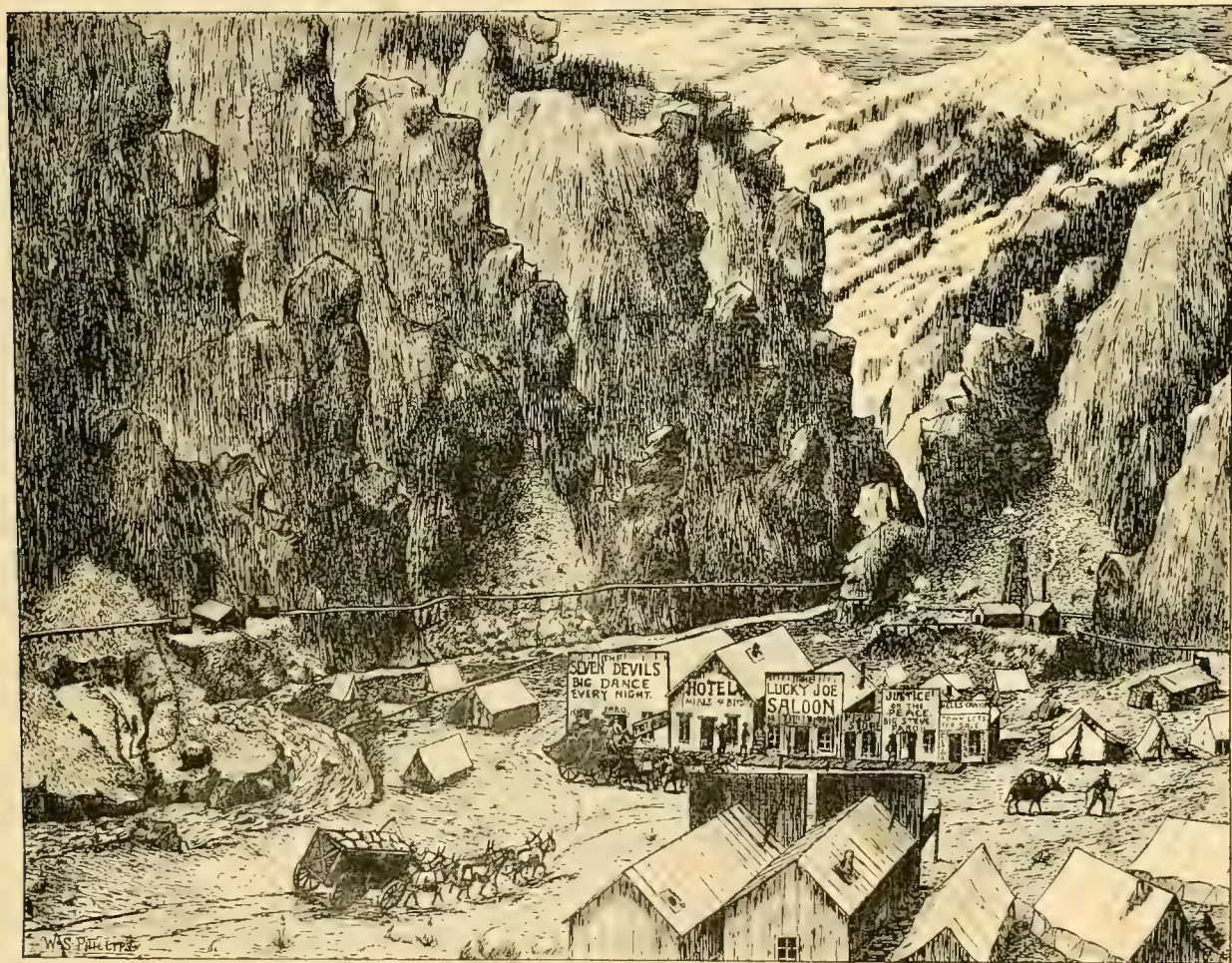
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HELL'S CANYON.

1.

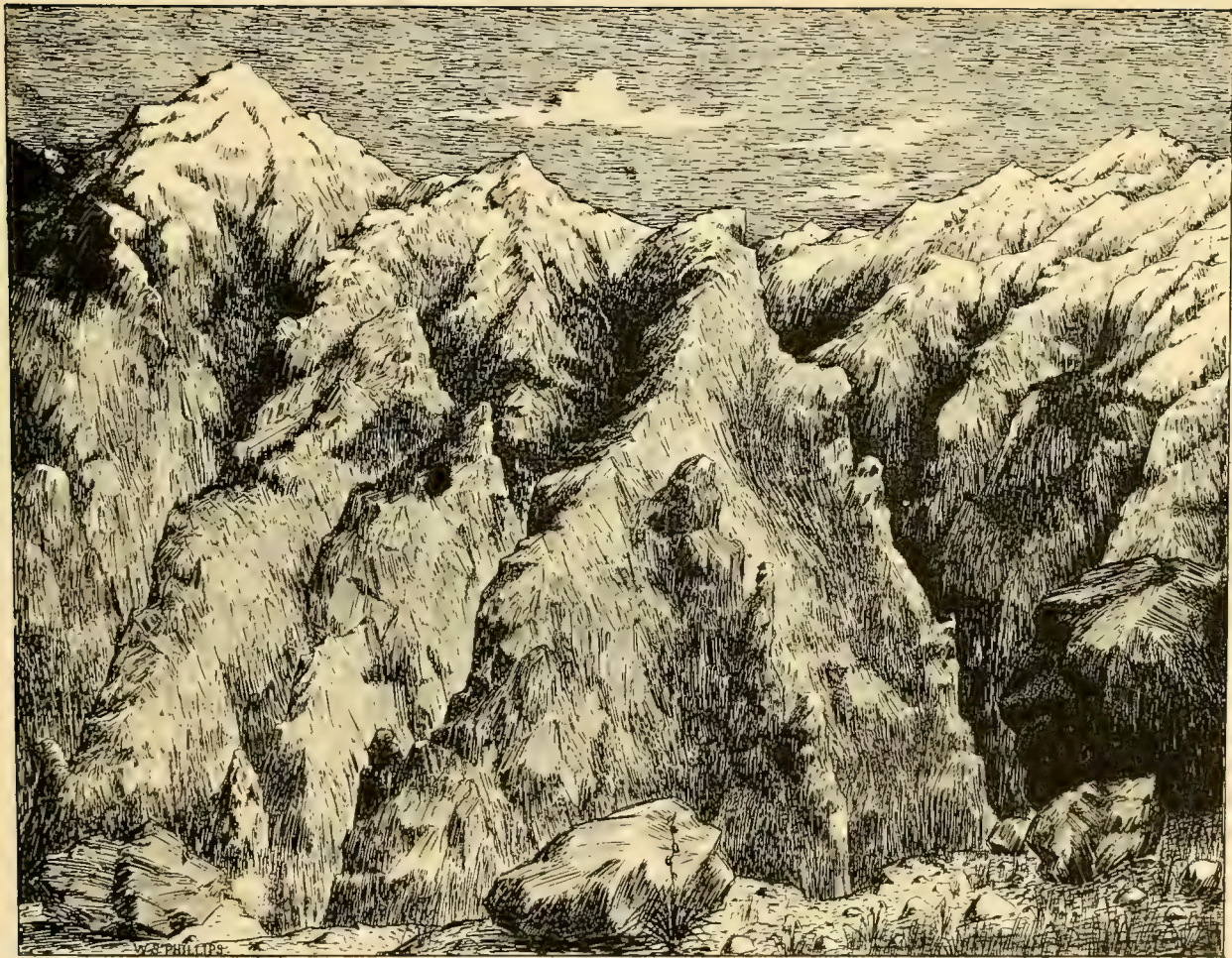
Hell's Canyon was all that its title implied—
A place where the demons held forth in their pride;
Where even old Satan was often outdone
By desperate deed of a daughter or son,
Some horrible one.



WAS PULLING

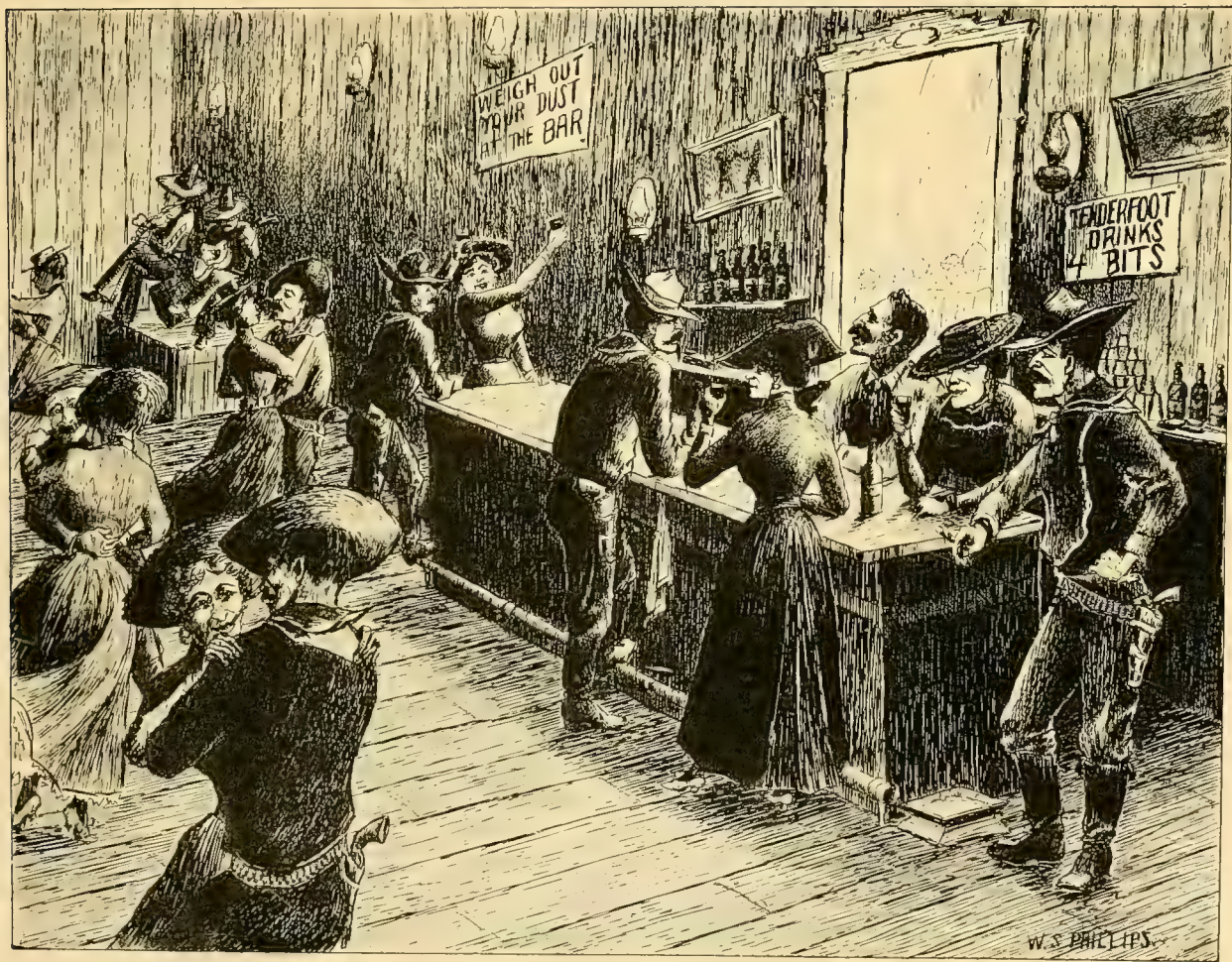
II

The mountain that circled that crevice of sin
Seemed sullen because of the revels within;
And even the brooklet that galloped along
Seemed ever too wrathful to babble a song;
 It felt it was wrong.



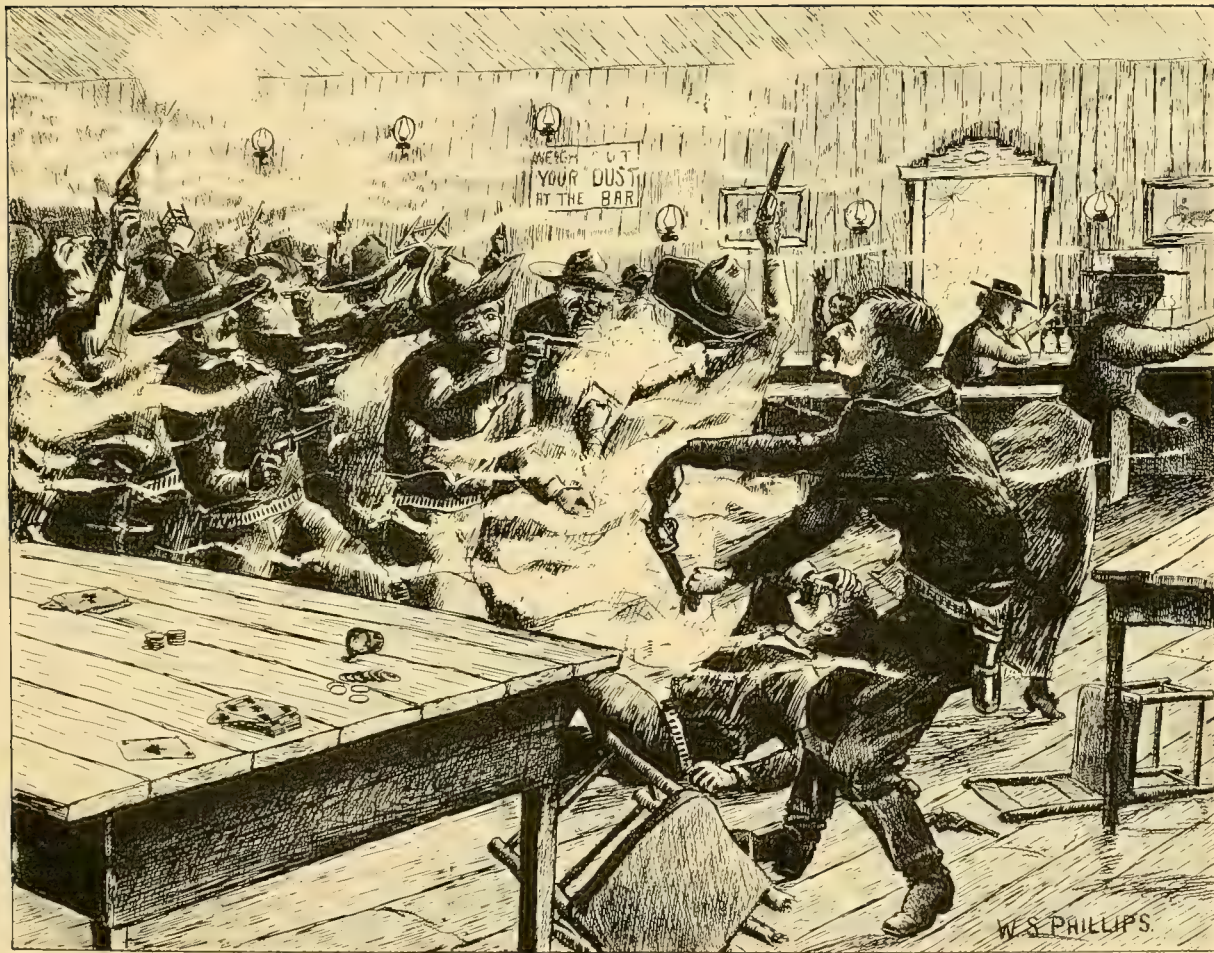
III.

That place was far worse than the city of woe
From which Madam Lot once attempted to go;
For down in that digging no daughters of Eve
Had husbands or virtue to cause them to leave.
But they didn't grieve.



IV.

Whenever Death entered that Canyon so dread
He took a revolver to winnow his dead;
And all who had wearied as Satan's recruits,
And gone to their slumber till Gabriel toots,
Lay down in their boots.



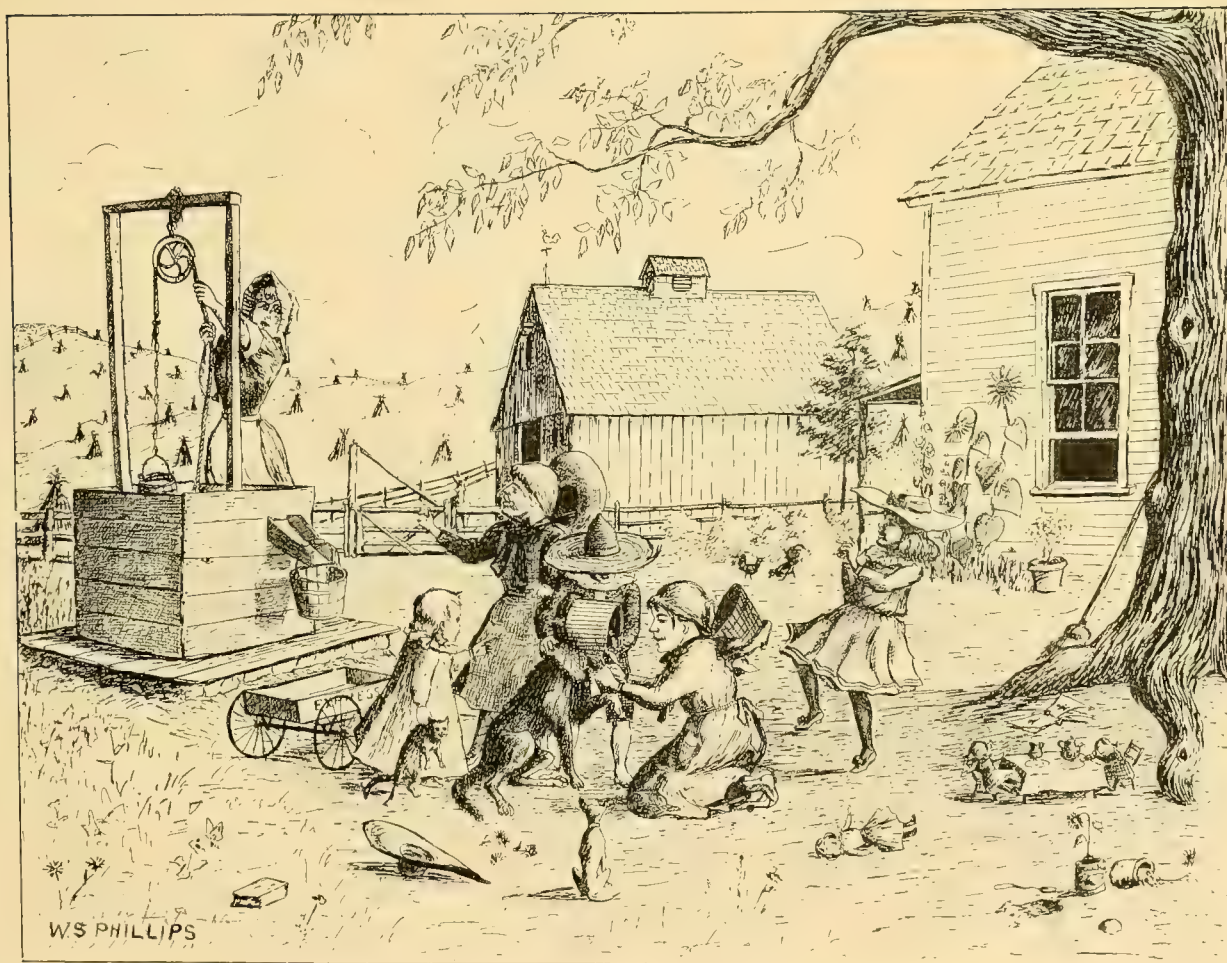
v.

One morning, last summer, a singular chap
Got lost in that Canyon by seeming mishap;
Who far from his pasture had wandered away—
A lamb which had carelessly happened to stray
Where wolves were all gray.



VI.

He'd seemingly come from the quiet retreat
Where love is ensceptered and laughter is sweet;
And greater the calm in the depths of his eyes
Than vision reveals in the vault of the skies,
Where peace never dies.



VII.

When Satan discovered that tenderfoot there,
He hastened to signal each hideous lair,
And summoned the wolves, that were hungry and gray,
And bade them to tackle the lamb for a prey.
Nor did they delay.



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viii.

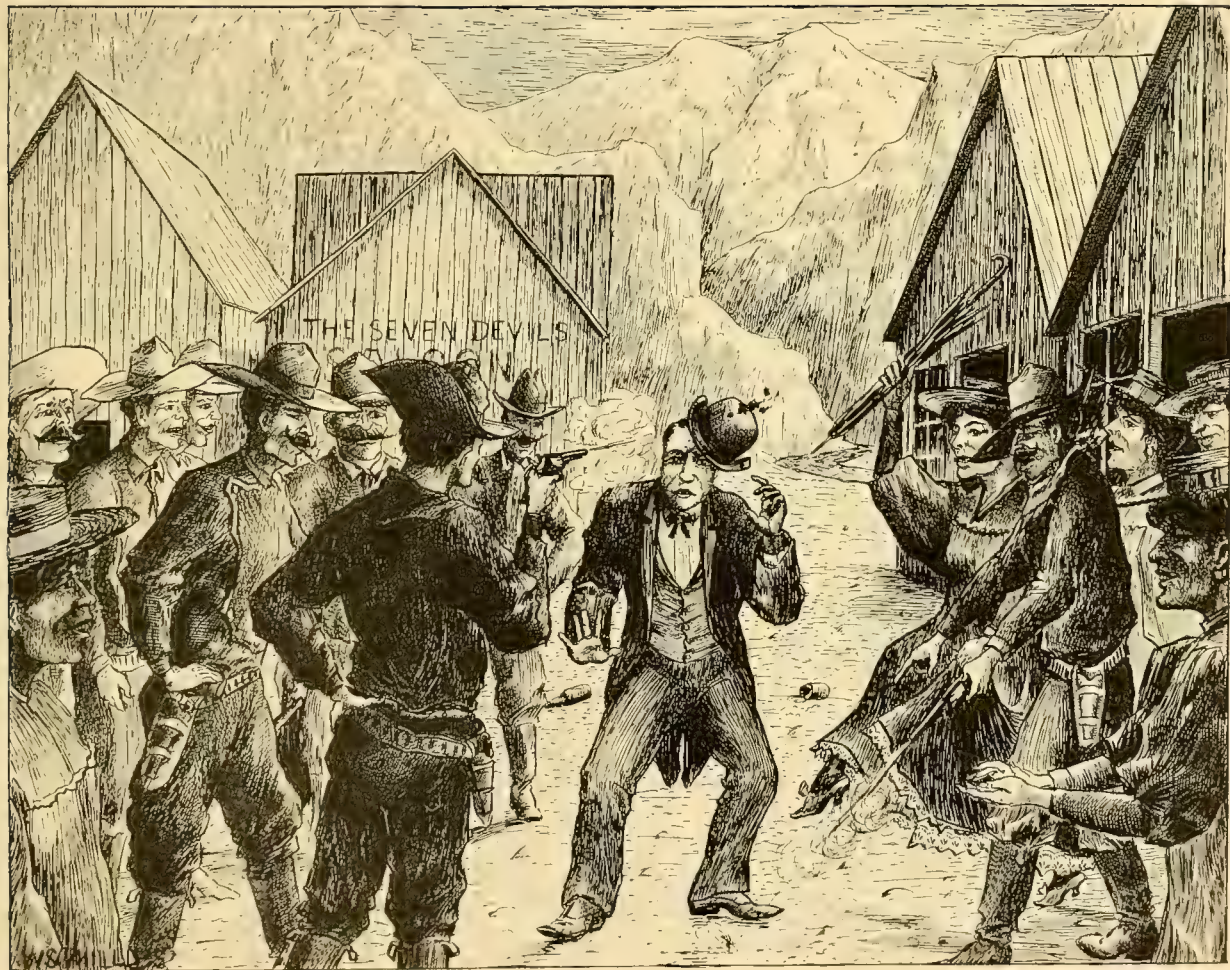
Then brazen-faced women, with rum-tainted breath,
Came forth to allure him to hovels of death;
And many a sharper was soon on the scene,
To brighten him up on the devil's machine.
 But he was too green.



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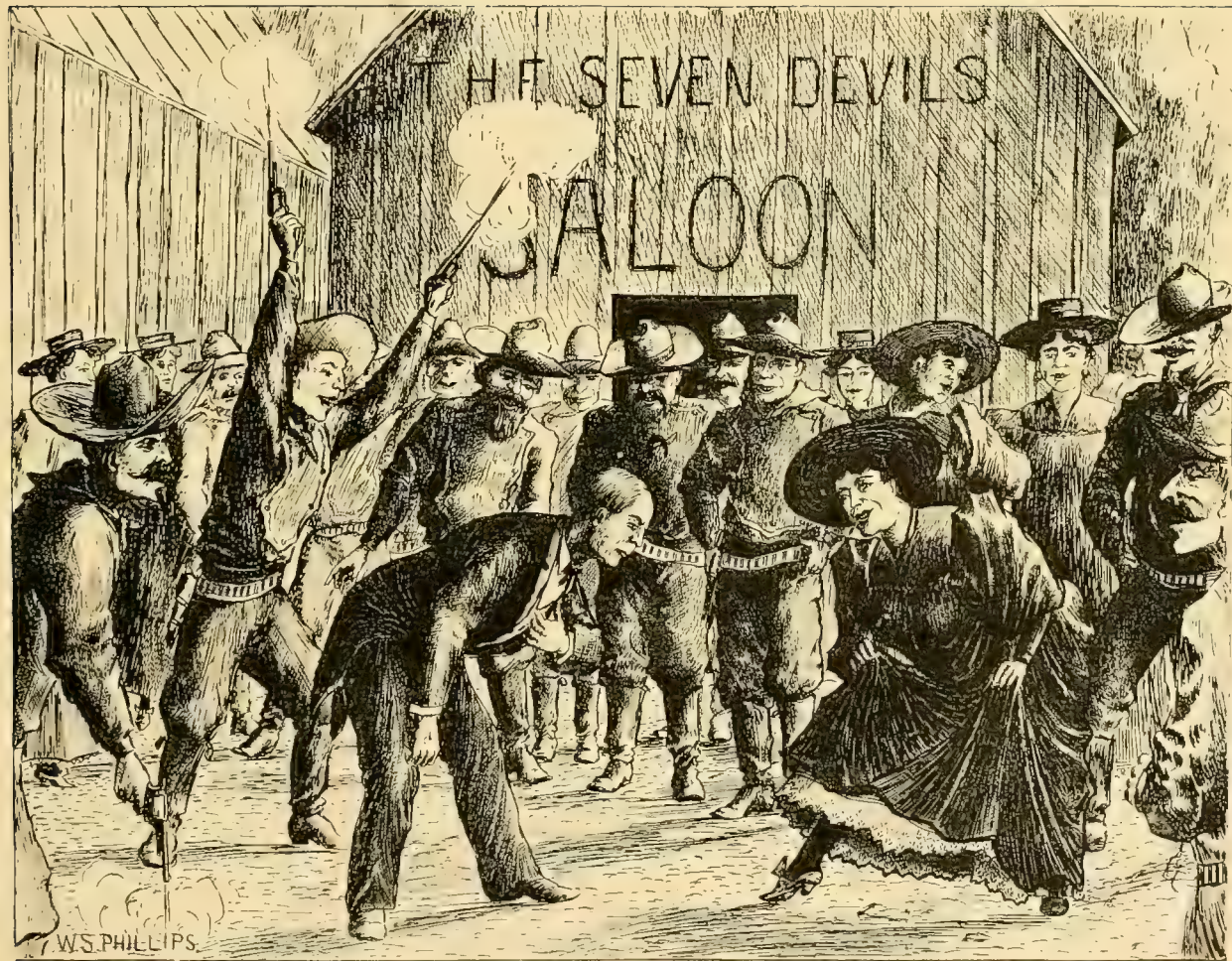
IX.

When once they had found that he wasn't so rash
As either to venture his virtue or cash,
They scissored his buttons with missiles of lead,
And riddled the derby on top of his head,
And painted things red.



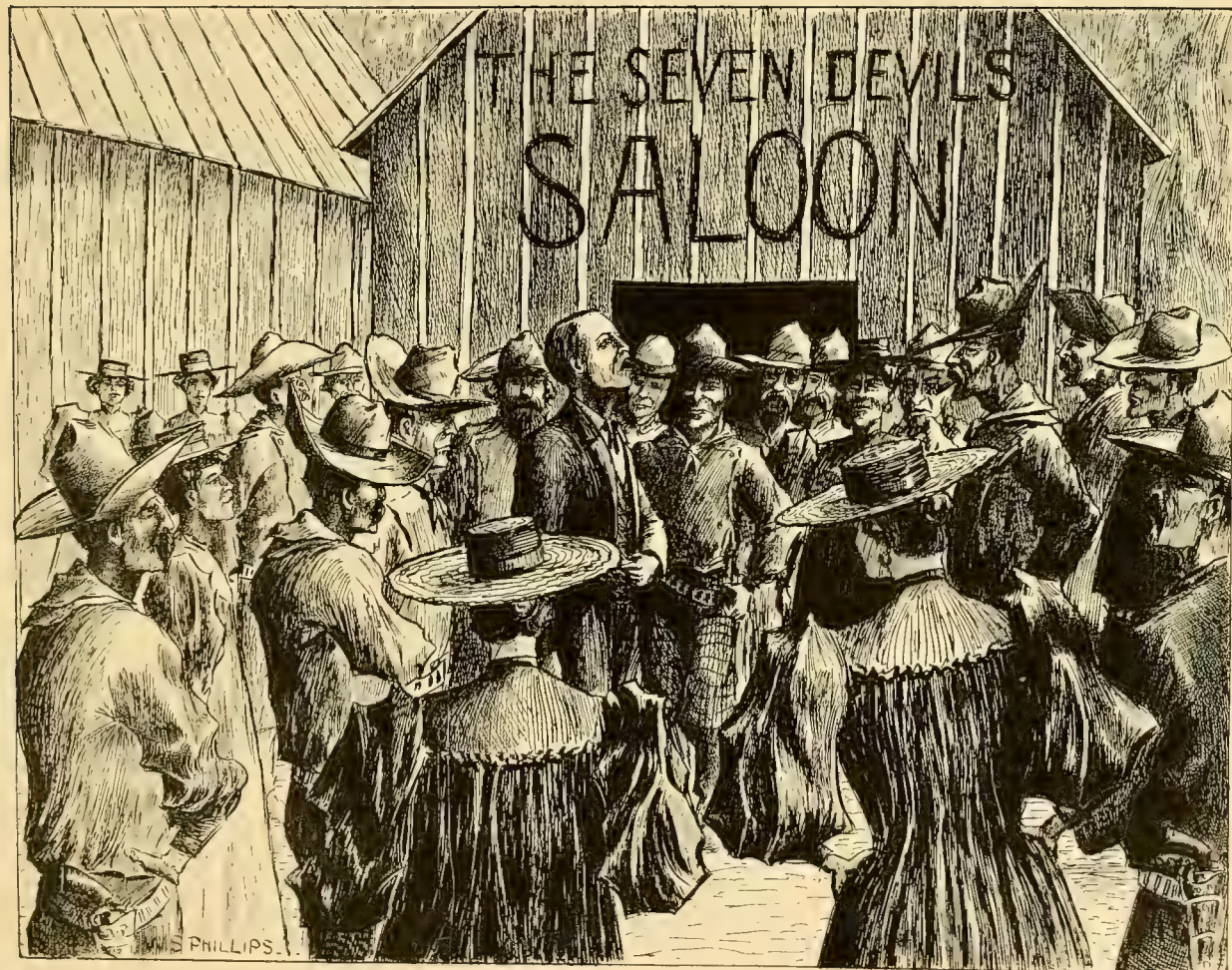
x.

And then, at command of that dissolute crowd,
He turned to a harlot whose cursings were loud;
And, silently bearing each buffeting blow,
Then swung with his partner and tripped the light toe,
And wasn't so slow.



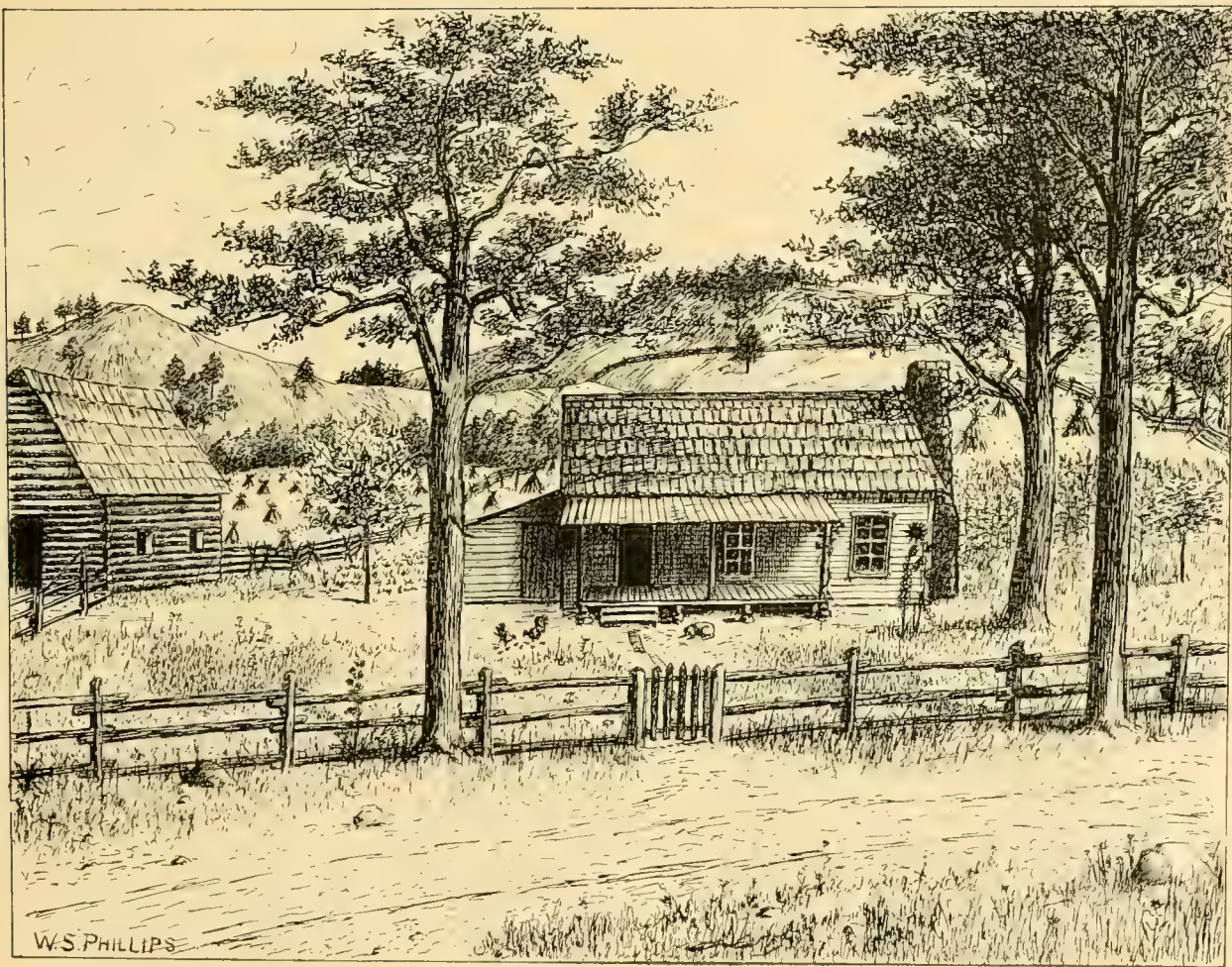
XI.

When all of the wantons had tired of the swing,
They sneeringly ordered their victim to sing;
And so, without cavil or thought of dispute,
He sang, in a voice that was rare as a lute
And rich as a flute.



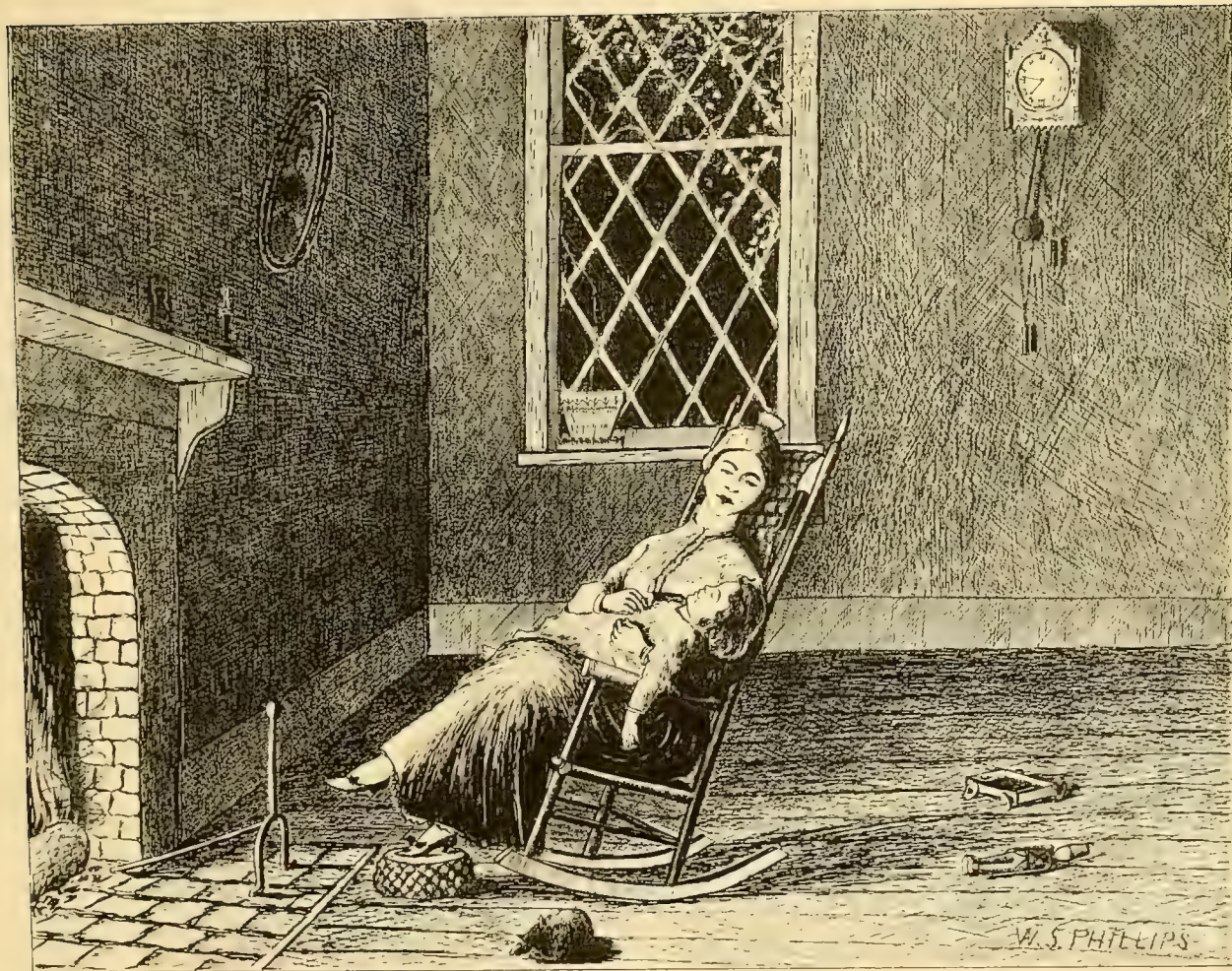
XII.

He told them in song that wherever we roam,
No matter how humble, no place is like home;
Then, leading them gently to scenes of their birth,
He wooed, by his ballad, a vision of mirth
That lit the dull earth.



XIII.

Then softly he numbered the joys of the one
Who battles for right till the set of the sun;
And then, as their mothers had caroled before,
He sung them of bliss on the beautiful shore,
When troubles are o'er.



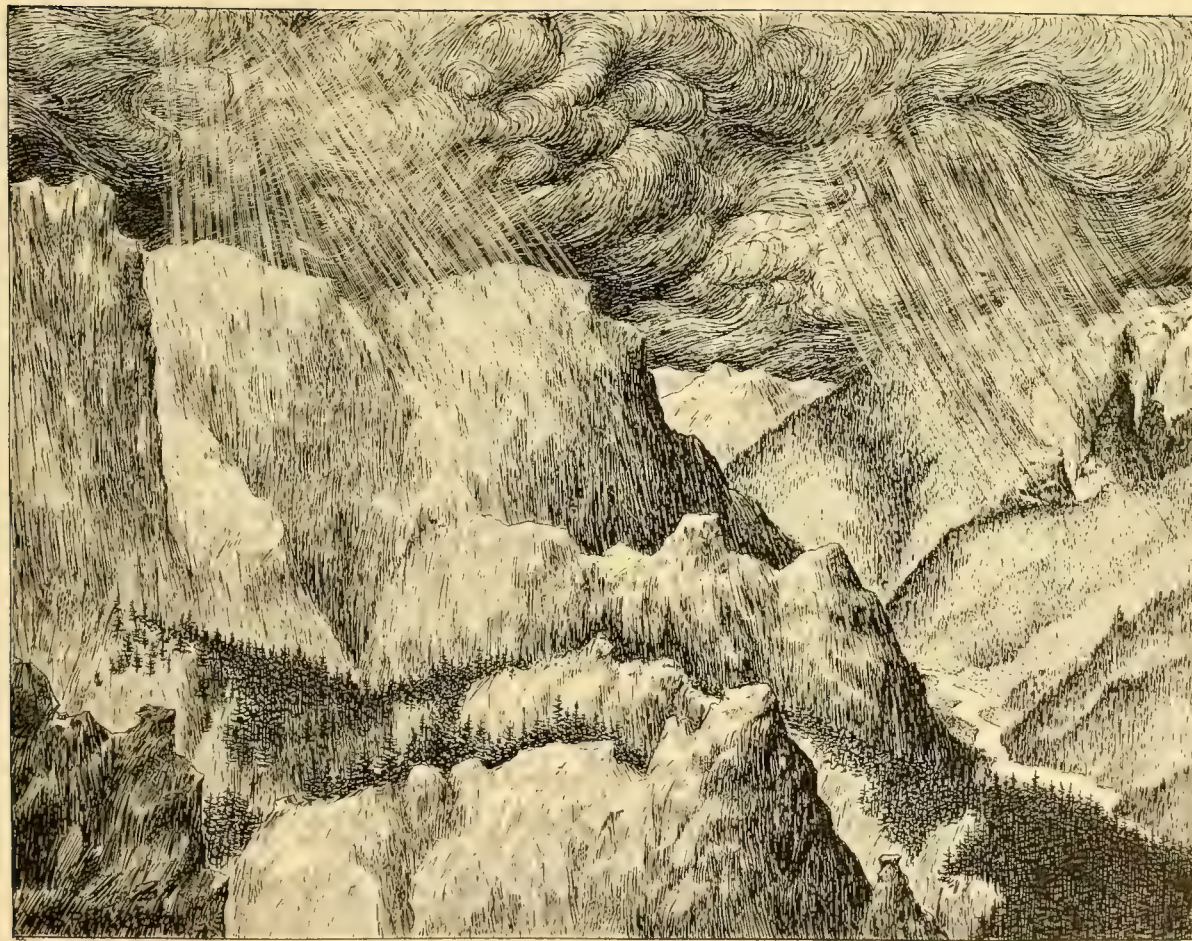
XIV.

Just then a soft zephyr strolled down thro' the glen,
And, catching, repeated those measures again;
And soon in the mountain rejoicing was heard,
In sigh of the pine and the trill of the bird,
And Nature was stirred.



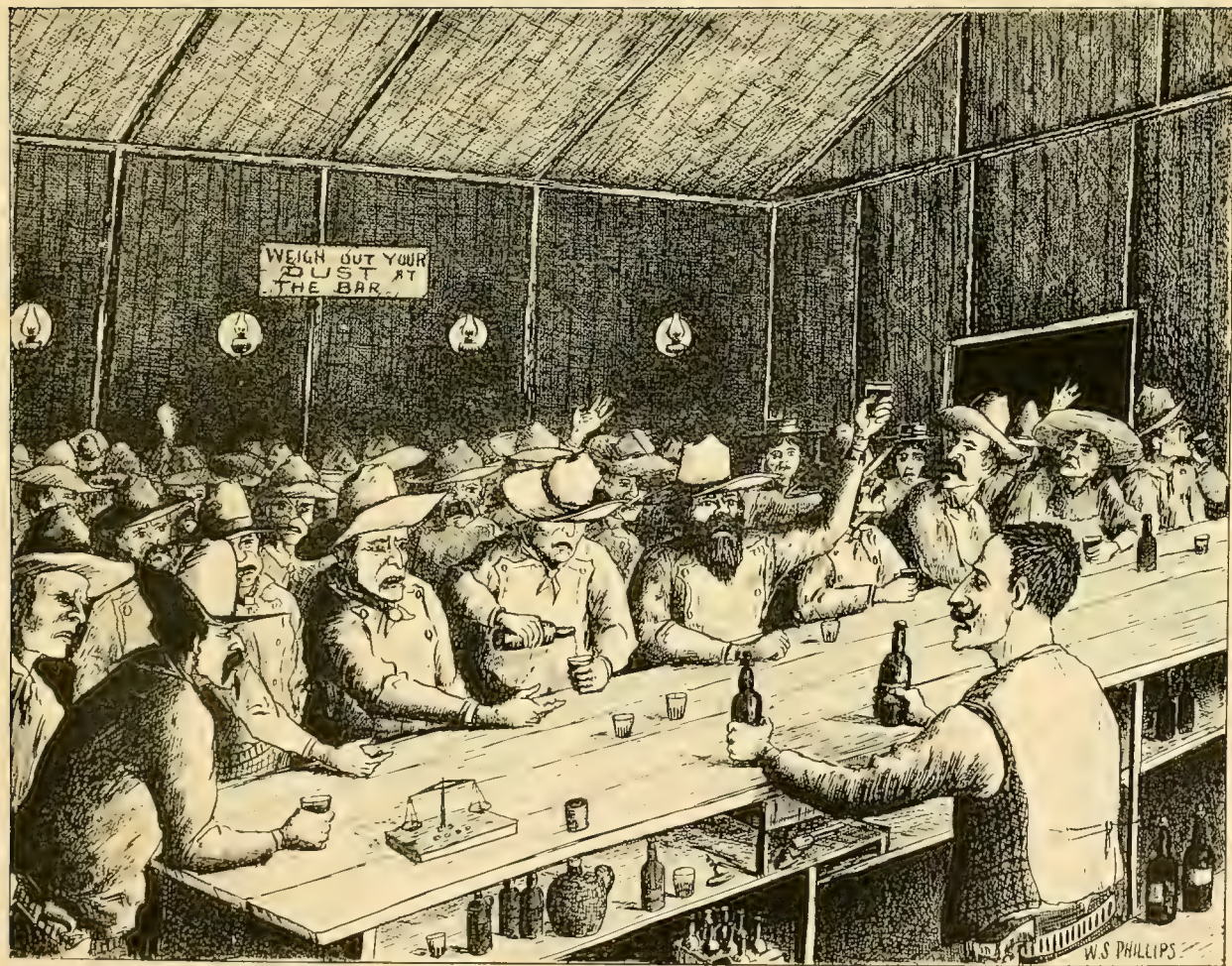
xv.

And then the great curtains that darkened the sky
Were suddenly rifted by seraphs on high;
And silvery kisses from god of the day
Were witchingly sifted on mountain so gray,
And Rapture held sway.



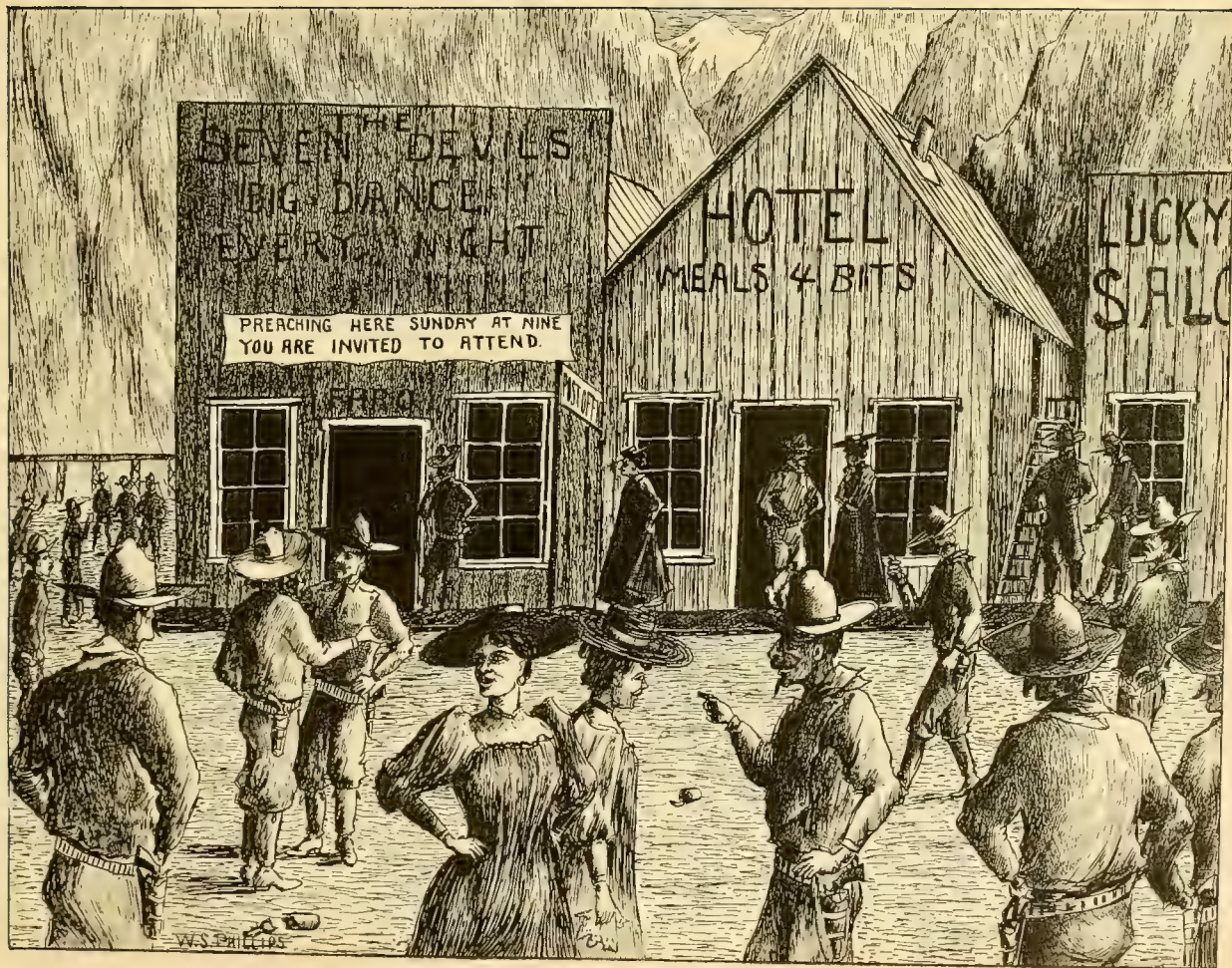
XVI.

A day or so later, the ruler of hell
Perceived that the singer was preacher as well;
And so as he deemed that the danger was dire,
He fanned up his minions to murderous ire,
And poked up his fire.



XVII.

Convinced that religion was heaven's best boon,
The verdant, for chapel, soon hired a saloon;
And then, as if blind to all evil design,
He posted a notice of service divine,
For Sunday at nine.



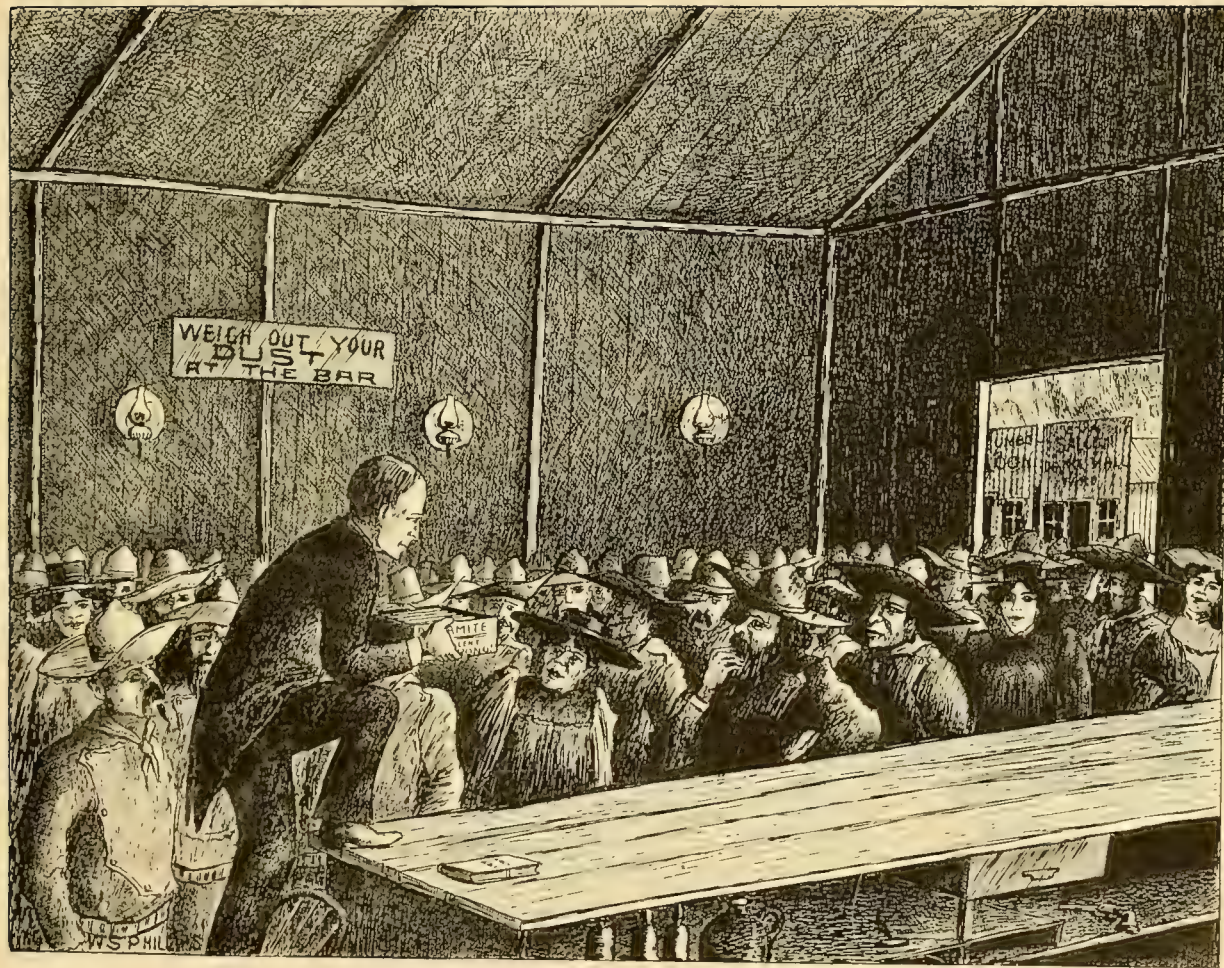
XVIII.

With thought that no Christian held two of one kind,
Those demons determined to straddle his blind;
And so they all gathered, ere preaching begun,
Each one of them sporting a forty-five gun,
Impatient for fun.



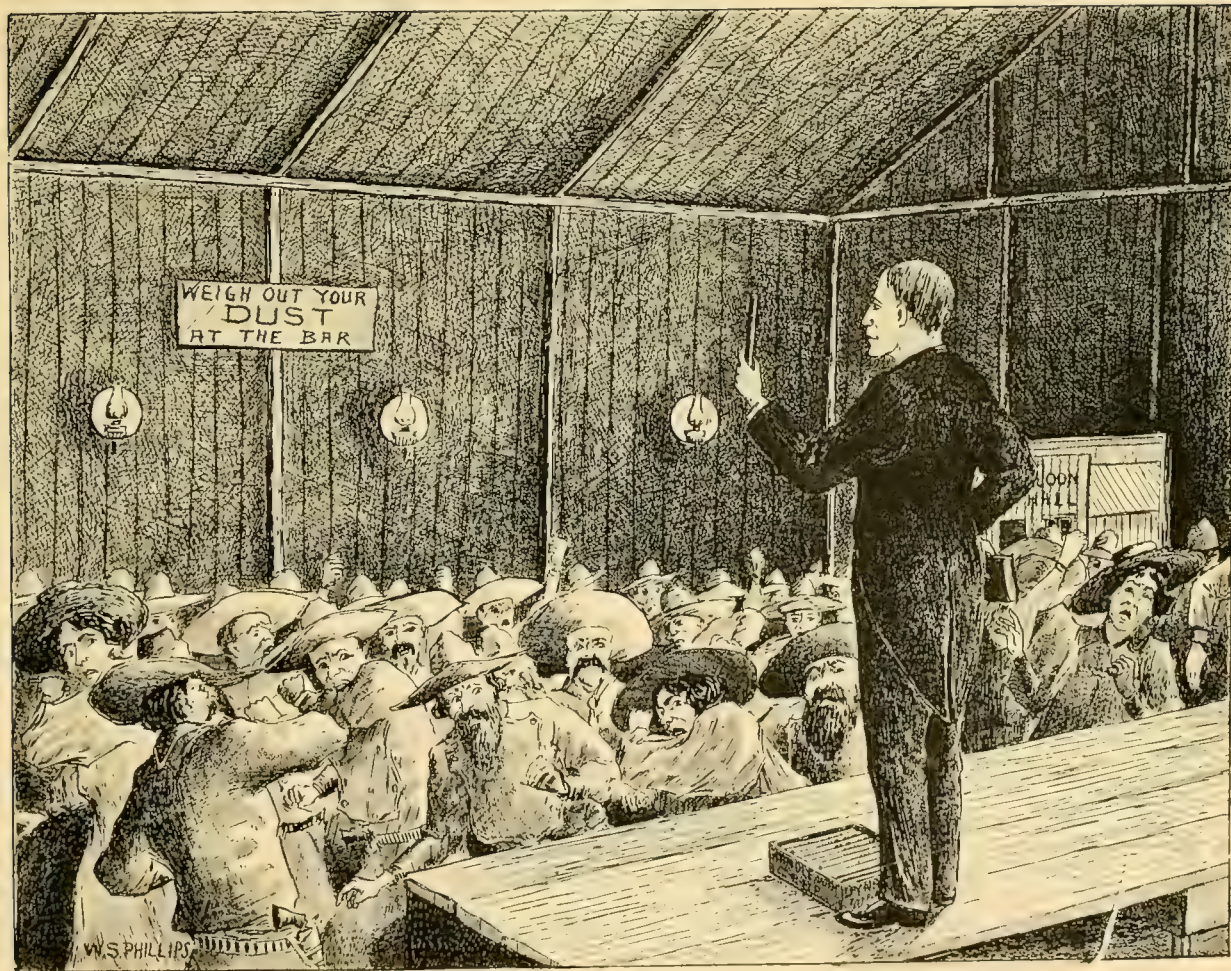
XIX.

Nor long did they wait for the sport to begin,
When once they were snugly all crowded within;
For then he arose, on his mission intent,
With dynamite sticks of full ninety per cent,
To make them repent.



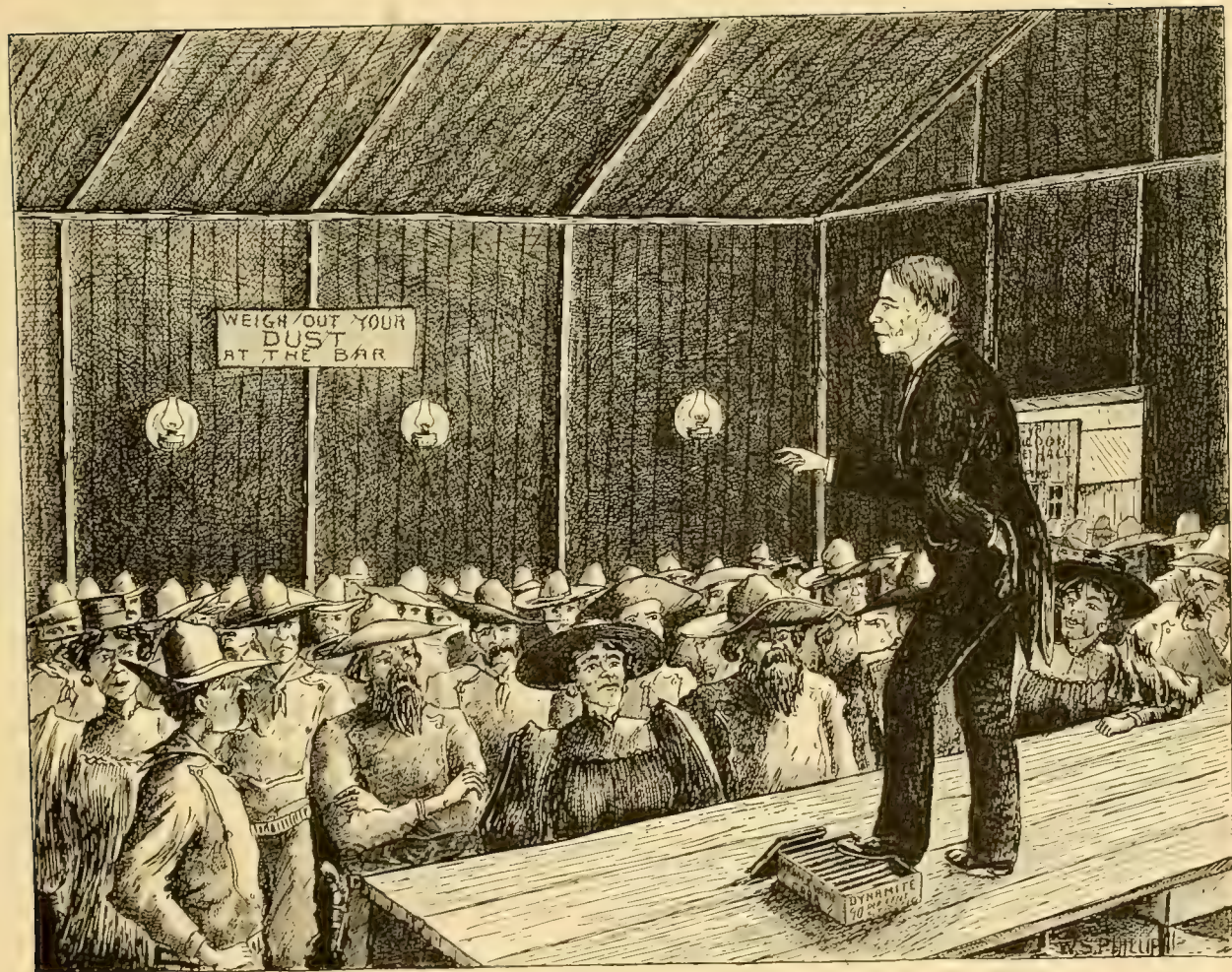
xx.

Beginning, he told them the reason they came,
Assuring them, too, he could play at their game;
And then, having begged them no shooting to try,
He said if they did, or attempted to fly,
Right there they should die.



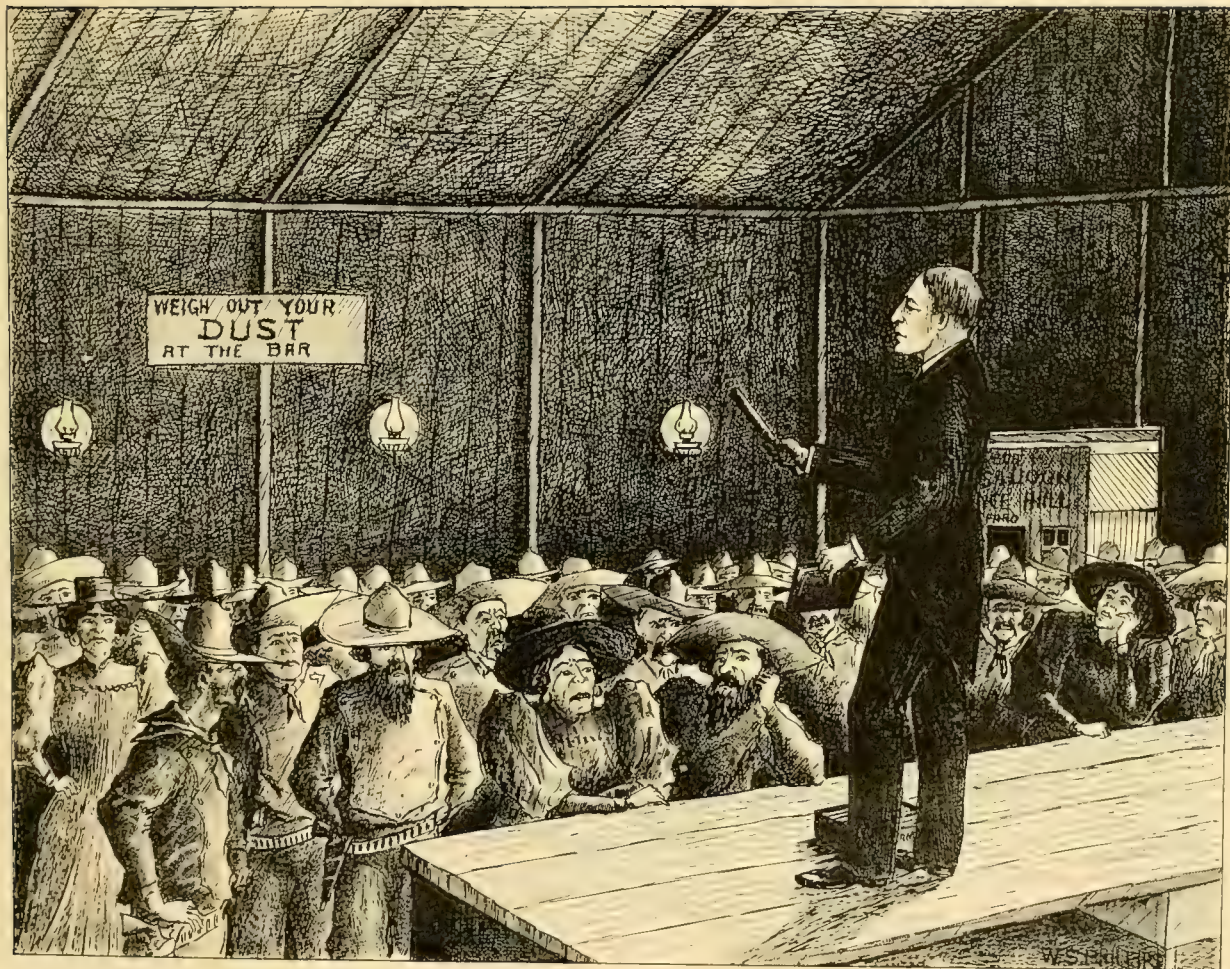
XXI.

The terrible wand in that resolute hand
Made ev'ry heart faint in that renegade band;
And tho' they all gagged at the jalap of fate,
They wisely decided they'd swallow it straight,
And like it first-rate.



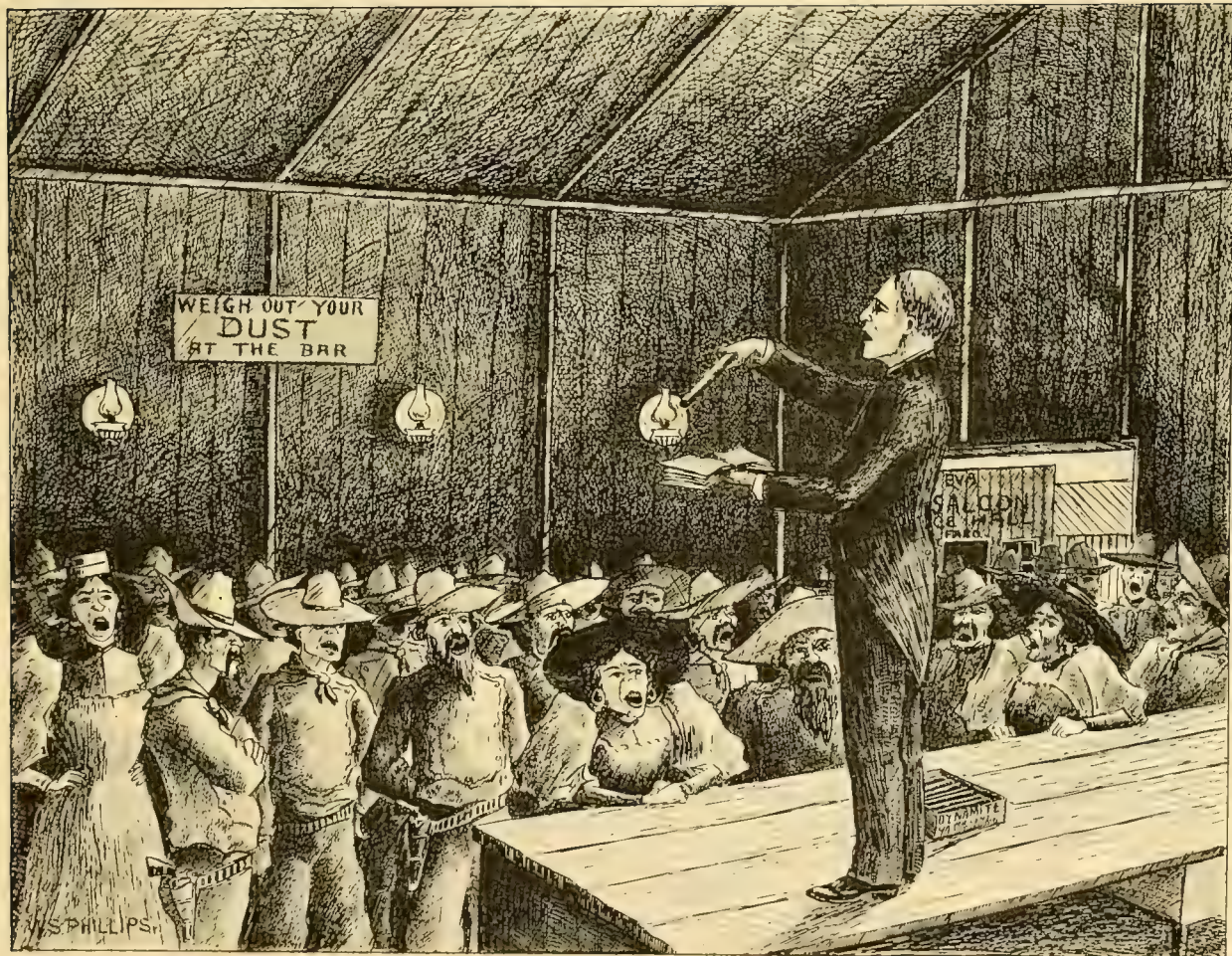
XXII.

And then of the Savior he lovingly taught,
And pictured the ruin that evil had wrought;
When, hoping to frighten the cowardly bloats,
He painted a prodigal sowing his oats,
Then dining with shoats.



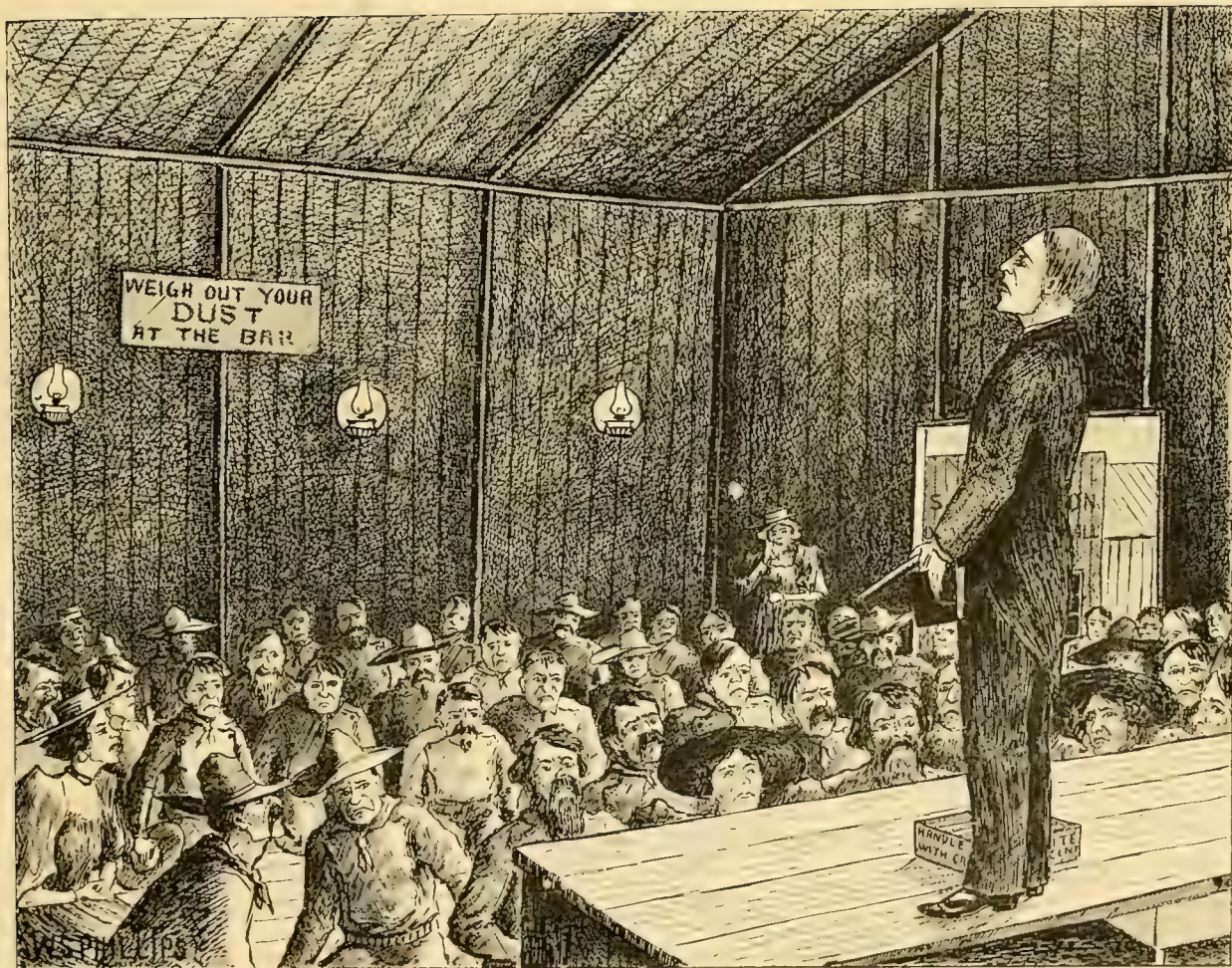
XXIII.

Then, bidding them sing of the city of gold,
He lined them a song in the manner of old;
When, climbing the gamut clear up to high G,
They sang and they shouted in ev'ry known key,
Salvation is free.



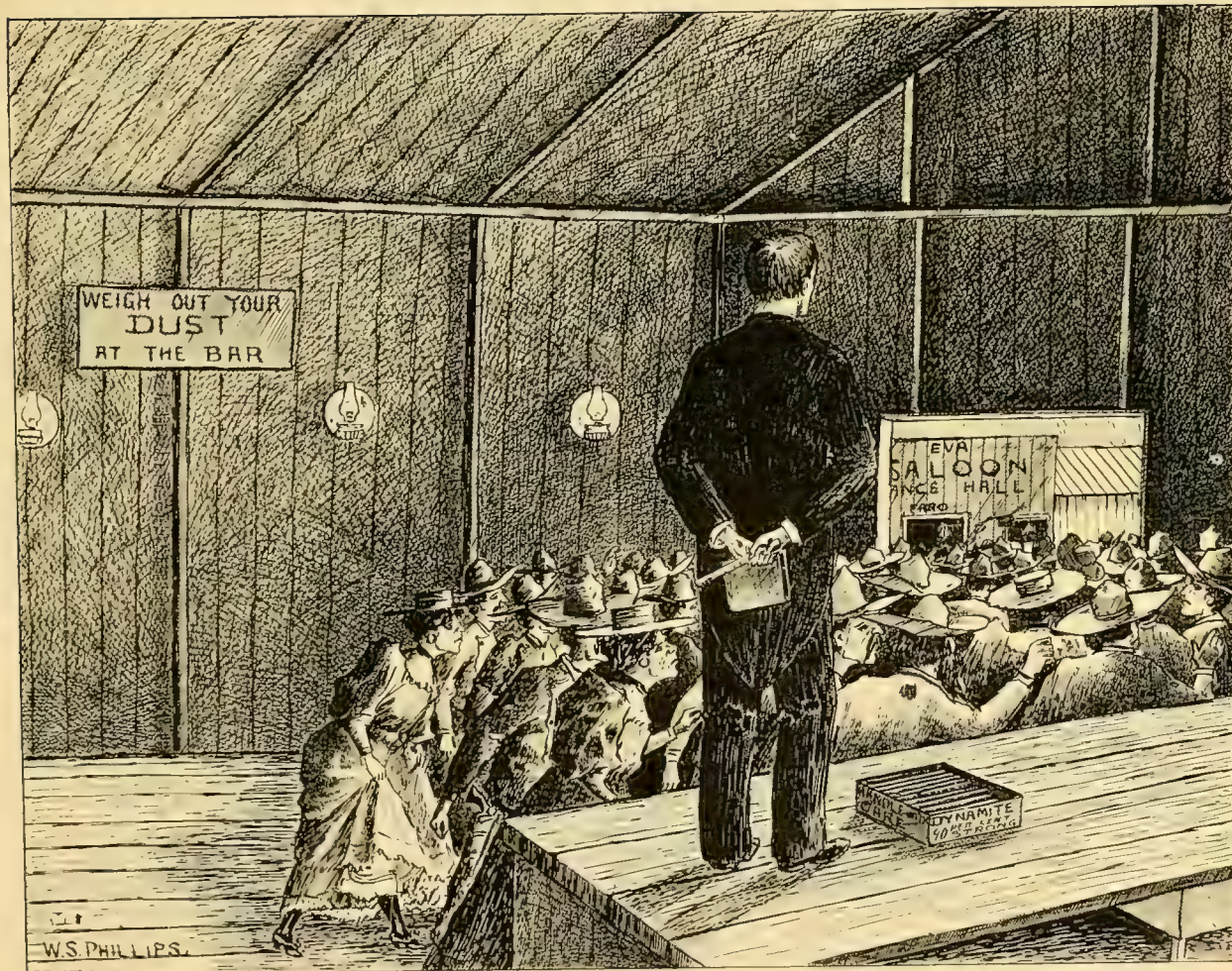
XXIV.

Then, making them kneel, by the law of his might,
And standing himself, just to keep them in sight,
He prayed to the Father to come to that place
And deal to each sinner a heart of true grace,
Yes, even an ace.



xxv.

'Twas mid of the day ere the final amen
Gave back to those cravens their freedom again;
And during the time of the worshipping there,
Tho' taking a part in the singing and pray'r,
They seemed to despair.



XXVI.

Yet never before was that lowly ravine
So perfectly happy or sweetly serene;
And even the brooklet seemed roguishly glad
To see all those brawlers so weary and sad,
And Satan so mad.

PREACHING HERE SUNDAY AT NINE
YOU ARE INVITED TO ATTEND

FARO

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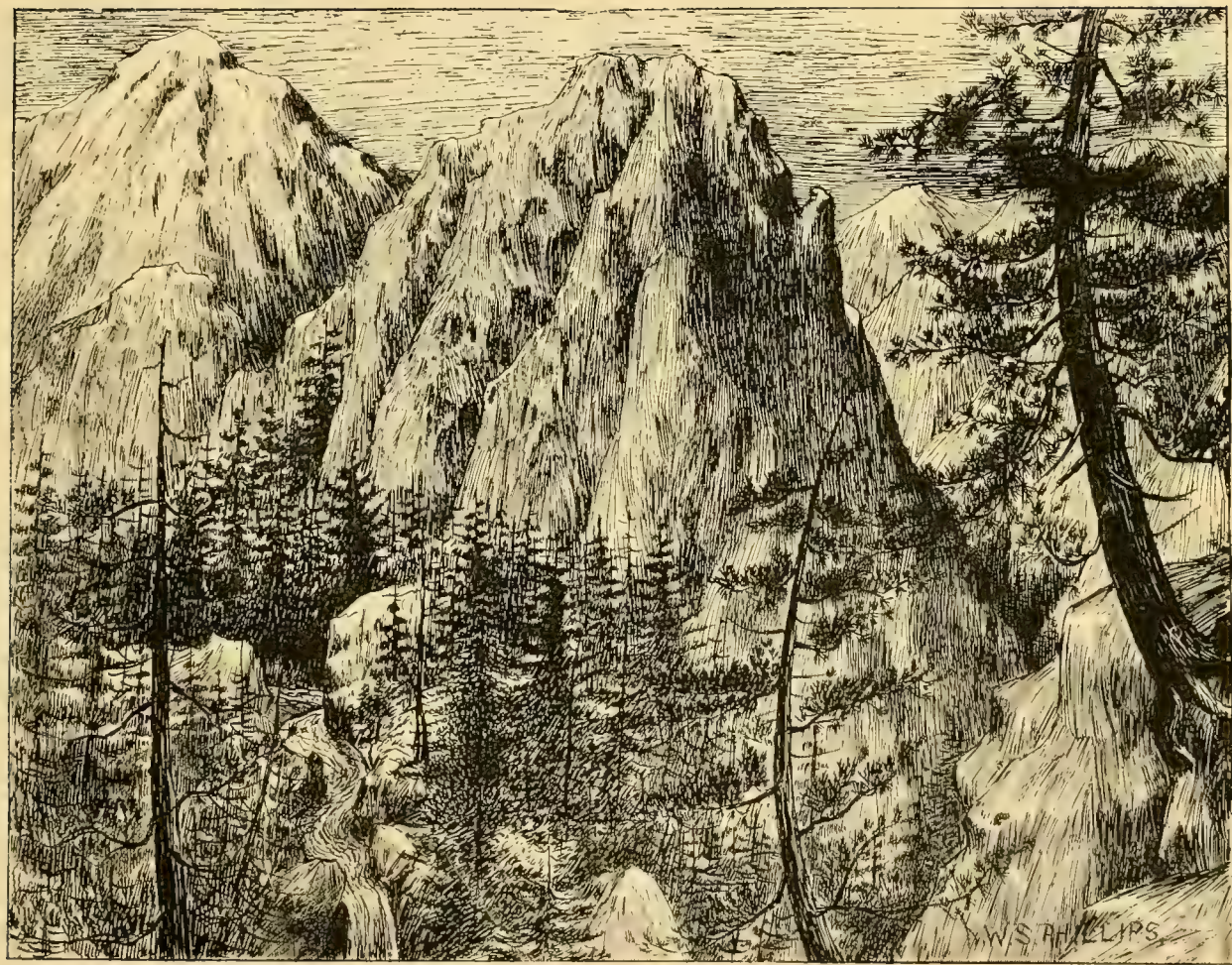


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XXVII.

And heaven itself, with a holy surprise,
Looked down on that Canyon with glistening eyes;
While wandering zephyrs made known to the height,
And whispering forests retold with delight
The power of right.

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